



I'll Be Okay by McDiggin'It

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A/N: God, I lowkey hated Steve in Season 1, especially in the beginning when he was a douchebag towards Jonathan and even Nancy. But Season two has completely changed my views on him. He's such a likable character now, and I really hope they give him a love interest in S3. That last scene when he was staring longingly at Nancy from his car was heart wrenching, so I decided to write this. Hope you guys like this! R&R!

-McDiggin'It

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I love Nancy... but Nancy doesn't love me.

Well, she *does* love me... she's just not *in* love with me. She's in love with Byers... I think I've always known, but I chose to ignore it for as long as I could. Now though, after she drunkenly admitted that our whole relationship and Love was bullshit, I can no longer ignore the facts.

She loves him. More than she loves me... and it hurts like hell.

I watch her, sitting on the hood of his car with him, talking about something. They look immersed in their conversation and I immediately feel the same feeling I felt when I saw them together in her room last year. A bitter aching in my chest. My conversations with Nancy never looked that deep and meaningful. We only ever talked about stuff like what movie we'll watch, or what we should wear to our next dinner date. They look like they're talking about life and the world, and... I wanted that with Nancy.

Maybe I'm just stupid. Maybe Nancy doesn't like me because I never know what she's talking about when she starts about science and history and really deep shit I don't really like to think about. Like the

future. All I know is sports and being cool. Nancy on the other hand, has a knack for solving the mysteries of life. She's prepared for anything and everything, while I'm not even prepared for my chemistry test tomorrow.

I can't even bring myself to hate Jonathan anymore. I used to loathe him at one point, but now... now I know he's just doing for Nancy what I could never do for her. He's making her feel complete. He's making her smile genuinely. He's making her feel things I probably never made her feel. He's loving her the way I never knew how. And for that alone, I respect him.

I've always known that there was something wrong with the way she smiles when she was with me... I just thought that maybe it was all in my head. But now I know it's not. Everything I'd been suspicious about, everything that's happened, and every glance that Nancy had given Jonathan, told me that I never stood a chance.

He was her other half. Her soulmate. And I... I was just in the way of her happiness.

So I don't go to her. I don't get mad. I don't do anything about the fact that she's right back to spending time with Jonathan. I stand there, watching them until they get up and leave in his car. I want to cry, but I don't. I have a reputation to uphold. And Nancy? She has Jonathan now.

I walk away, knowing that for the first time in a long time, I was doing the right thing. I walk away because I love Nancy, and all I want is to see her happy. I walk away because fighting for her will only hurt her even more.

When I see them again, it's in Byer's house. I try not to focus on them, instead focusing on the task at hand. Covering the walls of the shed behind Jonathan's house. Nancy thanks me for what I did for the little nerds I've quickly grown so fond of, and I smile a little.

A little girl dressed like a rockstar kills a demogorgan and throws it through the window, damned near scaring the hell out of all of us. I gotta admit, I'd never thought a tiny 13 year old would be so intimidating and bad ass. I was impressed.

As Hopper and Eleven go to their car while Jonathan carries his little brother to his car, I see Nancy go out back to find some electric heaters. I follow her with the intention to finally tell her that I'm okay with her and Jonathan being together.

She's quiet and distracted when I find her, looking through the heap of objects by the shed. I immediately see the heater and I go to it, picking it up and shining Dustin's flashlight into it.

I don't look at her when I finally say the words. "You should go with him." I say softly.

She looks at me questioningly. "What?"

"Jonathan." I try to smile, but I actually can't. "You should go with him."

Nancy shakes her head at me. "No... I can't just leave Mike."

"No ones leaving anyone." I sigh as I check that the heater has all its knobs. "I uhh— I may be a shitty boyfriend, but it turns out I'm a pretty damn good babysitter." I chuckle humorlessly before handing her the heater.

"Steve."

"It's okay, Nance." I nod at her, and I actually do mean it. I know I'll be okay. I smile a little at her, noticing the look on her face. She feels bad for me. "It's okay."

I can tell she's about to say something, but I don't think I'll be able to bear it, so I walk away. Tears begin to well up in my eyes, but I know I did the right thing. She belongs with Jonathan. She always has from the moment we saw him posting up flyers for Will last year.

As I walk into the house, I turn one last time to look at her longingly before closing the door.

As I drive Dustin to the school Snow Ball, I give him tips and advice about girls and how to approach them. He beams with pride as I tell him that he looks really good. I could tell he looks up to me, and I promise myself that I would never let him down. As I watch him walk

into the school, I catch a glimpse of Nancy, pouring punch for students. I stare at her, noticing how beautiful she looks with her hair up like that. My chest aches just a little bit, and I sigh as I turn back to look at the road and drive away. I know it'll hurt every time I see her, but that's okay. Time heals all wounds, right?

As I drive home, I smile a little because I'm really proud of myself and how far I've come. *Old Time Rock and Roll* starts playing, and I grin to myself as I turn up the car stereo, remembering when I sang that to Nancy last year. I nod to the beat and sing along quietly, knowing that I'll be okay.

Nancy was my first love, and she always will be. But I know that I'll find the right girl for me some day. She's out there somewhere, wondering where her Mister Perfect is. I'm going to wait patiently for her, and smile through everything. After all, I'm Steve Fucking Harrington, and I'll always be okay.

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-End

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A/N: Hope you guys like it! It's not much, but I felt that Steve deserved just a little bit of credit for his awesomeness in this season. Thanks for reading and please review!

-McDiggin'It